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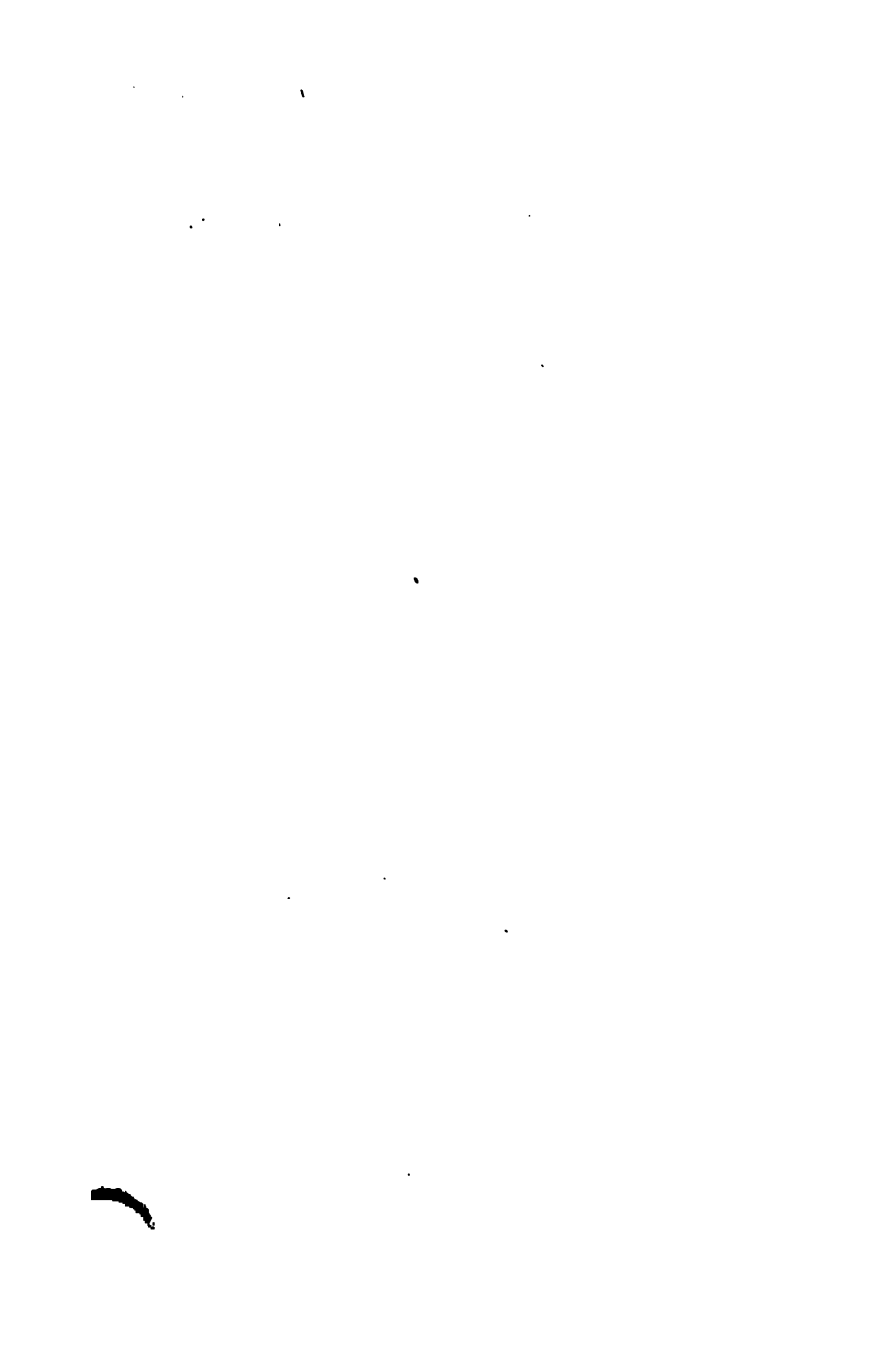


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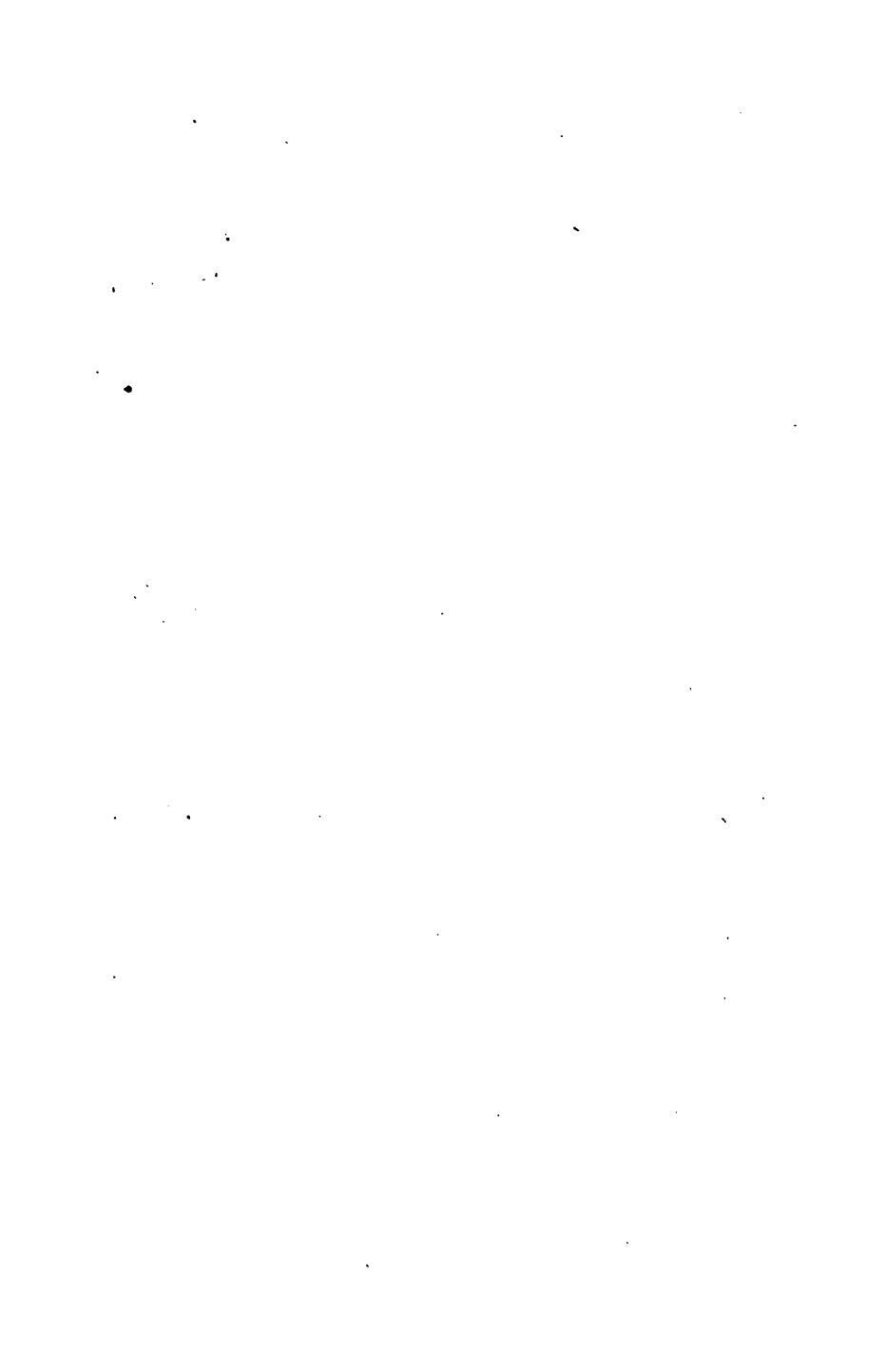
O'Connor

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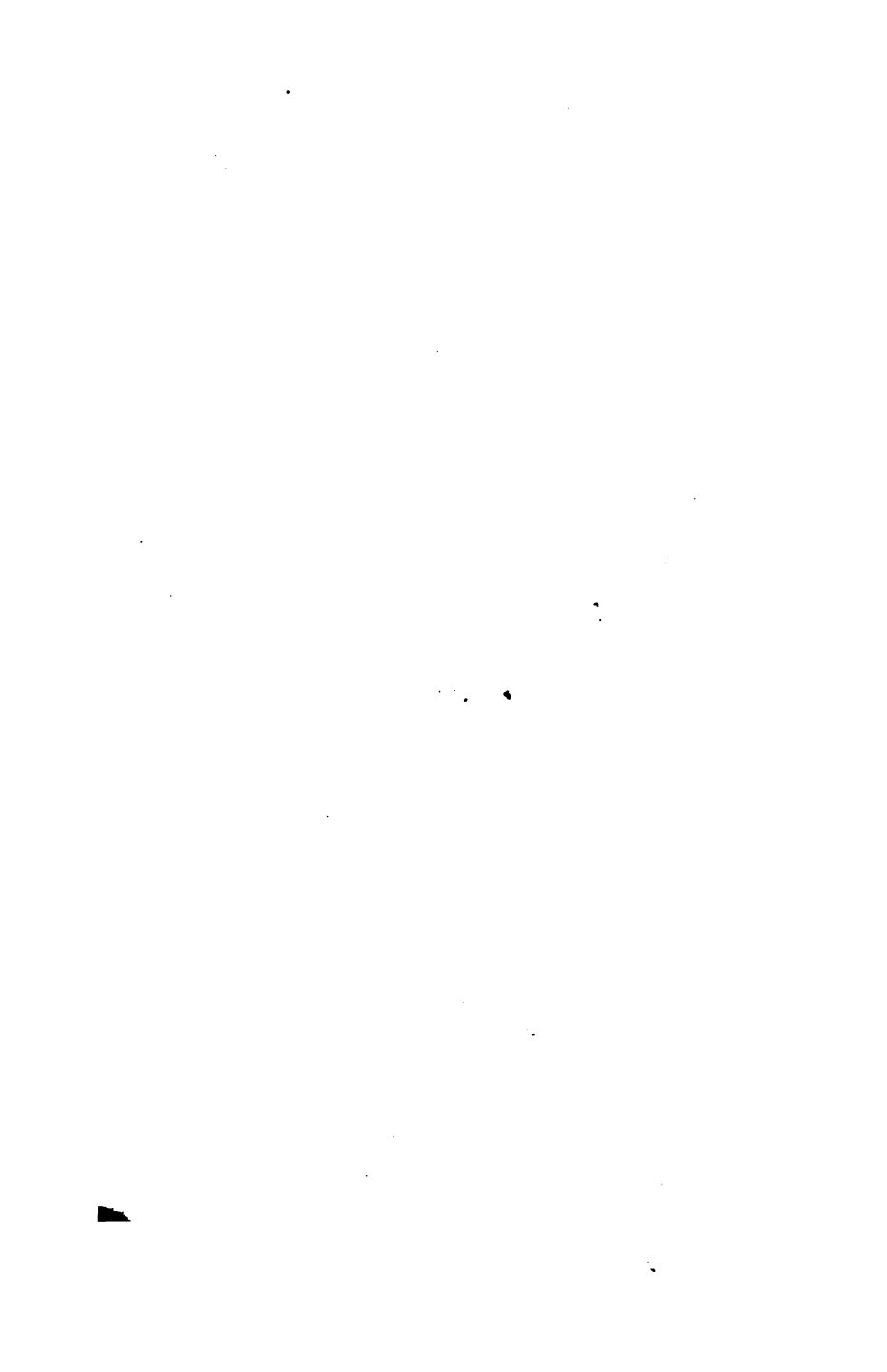


(O'Connor)

NC1







A KERRY PASTORAL
IN IMITATION OF
THE FIRST ECLOGUE
OF VIRGIL.

By
Mumford G'Boomer (1844)

EDITED,
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY
T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.



REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY.

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INTRODUCTION.



THE Kerry pastoral now presented to the Members of the Percy Society, is reprinted from a copy, 12 pages 4to. believed to be unique, in the possession of the Editor, to whom it was given by Sir William Betham, in 1829.

Dr. Smith in his history of Kerry, p. 418, thus refers to this composition. "Some of the inhabitants have produced tolerable specimens of poetry, not only in their native language, but also in English; for besides some occasional verses already hinted at, p. 108,* not many years ago a humorous eclogue called 'a Kerry Pastoral,' was addressed by a poet of this country to the fellows of T. C. D. which had no inconsiderable share of merit." But slight glances at the history of the county in which this poem was circulated—at the

* The passage referred to is copied at p. 34.

period, just when the Hanoverian succession was established, and at the circumstances under which it was written, are necessary to place its object and merits fairly before the English reader. In addition to which, the Editor has been induced to support the allusions to local peculiarities by extensive extracts from various works, which prove how very accurate a picture is given of Irish manners at the time.

The most extensive grant of lands in the county of Kerry, under the Act of Settlement, according to Smith, was “made to the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, who, by letters patent of K. Charles II, dated November 10th, 1666, had a very large estate settled on the said University for ever, with courts leet and courts baron at Noghavel and Carigfoil, together with fairs, markets, &c., and the king was pleased to reduce the crown rents of the said estate in this county, to the sum of £100 per annum.” Looking at the time when this grant was made, it appears to have been a patriotic and judicious proceeding, for its object was the encouragement of literature and science. “The kingdom of Kerry,” as the southern part of the county is still facetiously termed, was, with a small part of the county of Cork, a palatinate jurisdiction under the Earls of Desmond; and when Elizabeth

waged the warfare of extermination against Geraldine dominion, the advantages of Kerry as a military position for guerilla movements, became generally known, and, in consequence, its mountain fastnesses were, at various subsequent periods, the retreat of those who defied English power,

“ When all but hope was lost.”

The settlers, who had been introduced under the grants made by Charles II, were seriously disturbed during the reign of James II; their bawnes were attacked,—their cattle carried off,—their granaries plundered, and their improvements destroyed, by swarms of wild mountaineers, whom they were unable to repress.

These mountaineers received and welcomed among them men who, having been deprived of their inheritance by legal forfeiture, supplied the places of their natural leaders, and, true to their policy, protracted an irritating conflict for feudal supremacy; every act of plunder, and even murder itself, was considered by them as a justifiable deed of retribution.

The state of the county of Kerry at this period may be gleaned from “ An exact relation of the persecutions, robberies, and losses, sustained by the Protestants of Killmare [Kenmare] in Ire-

land,"* in which the following cases are referred to as having particularly interested the writer R. O. [Richard Orpen], the agent for "the Lady Petty, her son Lord Shelborne, and James Waller, Esq."

"Daniel Mac Tiege Carthy, one of those that murdered Edward Gilks, a smelter, for endeavouring to defend himself from being robbed at noon day of forty shillings, which they knew he had about him, in the year 1680.

"Owen Sulwan (a loose gentleman), for coming unawares behind R. O. in a dark night, and running him through the body with a sword, for offering to recover a debt due to him from Sulwan's friend, in the year 1680.

"Teague a Glanna and others, that murdered the Pursivant for daring to come into that part of the country, to arrest a papist, at the suit of Sir William Petty, or of any Protestant whatever, in the year 1685.

"Daniel Mac Dermot, and half a score others, for robbing a parcel of French Protestants that, having escaped out of France, were, by stress of weather, forced into the river of Killmare, in the year 1686.

* 4to. pp. 30. London: printed for Tho. Bennet, at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Church Yard; and are to be sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers' Hall. 1689.

“Daniel Crouly, and seven more tories, that, in the year 1687, attempted to murder and rob R. O. and his brother, but without success, their captain having received a shot in the head, and two more of the chief of them in the shoulder and thigh ; being made prisoners, they lived till they were hanged at the assizes following.”

In 1688, we are told that “The officers of the new raised levies, being persons of broken and desperate fortunes, not able to maintain themselves, or their soldiers, were forced to filch and steal black cattle and sheep, all over the kingdom for their subsistence ; and more especially in the county of Kerry, where the natives were more indigent, the thieves appeared publicly in great numbers, thirty, forty, and oftentimes seventy in company, well armed with pikes, swords, guns, pistols, &c., marching openly through the glens and mountains, with droves of six or seven score cows and bullocks at a time, in such terror to the Protestants, that when they saw their cattle hurried away before their faces by the rogues, they durst not pursue nor enquire for them.”

The consequence was, that Mr. Orpen and the little party of English settlers whom he had been the means of organizing for self-defence into an armed association, fled into England in the spring of 1689.

The mountaineers, whose fathers had been dispossessed by Cromwell's grantees, and those who had suffered under the Act of Settlement, sprung with savage joy and ferocity upon lands which they had compelled the English settlers to abandon, and they endeavoured to hold by force these re-captured possessions for years after the Articles of Limerick (1691) were supposed to have adjusted the political settlement of property in Ireland. Formidable armed parties, termed Tories and Rapparees (the latter an Irish name for robber), paraded through the country, and in the mountain fastnesses of Kerry especially, defied the military sent against them. On the 20th of March, 1693, Captain Waller wrote from Kinsale to Sir Robert Southwell: "I am just now going towards Kerry with a party of soldiers, towards suppressing the Rapparees, who are grown very numerous in these parts."*

The following extract, prefixed by Miss Brooke to her exquisite translation of the lament of "Ned of the Hill,"—the soubriquet of Captain Edmond Ryan,—upon the loss of his mistress, will illustrate the deplorable situation in which both those who attempted peaceably to farm lands in

* Southwell MSS. Sold at Messrs. Christie's by Auction, Feb. 1834, by order of the Executors of Lord De Clifford. Thorpe's Catalogue IV. 1834. No. 361, p. 198.

the vicinity of the mountain districts of Cork, Limerick, Clare, and Kerry, were placed at the commencement of the last century, as well as that of their opponents.

Of Ryan, observes Miss Brooke, "many stories are still circulated, but no connected account has been obtained, further than that he commanded a company of those unhappy freebooters, called Rapparees, who, after the defeat of the Boyne, were obliged to abandon their dwellings and possessions, 'hoping (says Mr. O'Halloran) for safety within the precincts of the Irish quarter: but they were too numerous to be employed in the army, and their miseries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe; at length some of the most daring of them formed themselves into independent companies, whose subsistence chiefly arose from depredations committed on the enemy. It was not choice, but necessity that drove them to this extreme; I have heard ancient people, who were witnesses to the calamities of these days, affirm, that they remembered vast numbers of these poor Ulster Irish, men, women, and children, to have no other beds but the ridges of potatoe-gardens, and little other covering than the canopy of heaven: they dispersed themselves over the counties of Limerick, Clare, and Kerry; and the hardness of the

times at length shut up all bowels of humanity, so that most of them perished of the sword, cold, or famine.’”*

Under the state of things described, this Kerry pastoral was composed and circulated. The College lands had yielded little or no produce to the University, and the object of this ingenious pamphlet, in which reference is made to a variety of local customs and superstitions, was to procure respectable bona fide tenants, who would improve the College estates, instead of “middle men,” or farmers, whose object was to underlet the ground at what is called a rack rent. The idea was certainly a benevolent one, of endeavouring to lead men to think correctly as to what would be to their advantage, as well as for the advantage of those whom they considered as opposed to them; and it is to be regretted that the College authorities have failed in the object inculcated in the following verses. This, however, appears to be the case from the account given by the Rev. Cæsar Otway in his *Sketches in the South of Ireland* (1827). “To return to Lord Lansdowne’s estate on one side of the river and that of Trinity College on the other, I observed, as I drove slowly along, that his Lordship’s lands were much better cultivated; the

* O’Halloran’s *Int. to the Hist. and Ant. of Ireland*, p. 382.

farms better stocked ; the cabins fewer ; more grass-land ; what houses appeared were of a better description than on the Collegiate lands, and, on alighting to walk up a hill, I entered into chat with a poor sickly looking fellow who was going towards Nedeen (Kenmare). There is no countryman in Ireland so easy, or, I would say, so polished, in his address and manners as a Kerry man. I was really surprised as I passed through the country, to receive answers and procure directions, fraught with civility and intelligence, superior much to what I have met elsewhere. ‘ Are you, my good friend, a tenant of Lord Lansdowne’s ? ’ ‘ Ah, no, sir, and more is my loss ! No, sir, if it were my luck to be under the great Marquis, I would not be the poor naked sinking crathur that I am. His Lordship allows his tenants to live and thrive ; he permits no middlemen to set and re-set over and over again his estate ; he allows no Jack of a Squireen to be riding in top-boots over the country, drinking and carousing on the profits of the ground, while the poor racked tenant is forced, with all his labour, often to go barefooted, and often to live and work on a meal of dry potatoes. No, sir, look across the river there—look yonder at that snug farmer’s house—there the man’s forefathers lived, and there he himself

and his seed after will live and do well, paying a moderate rent, and there's no fear at all of their being disturbed.'

" ' Well ! but, my friend, on your side of the river is it not the same ? To be sure, I see not so much comfort ; I see many, very many poor cabins.'

" ' Oh ! sir, how could it be otherwise ? There are twenty landlords between the College and the man who tills the grounds. The land is let, re-let, and sub-let, it is halved and quartered, divided and subdivided, until the whole place will become a place of poverty and potato gardens. I have four acres of land. How can I live and rear my children, and pay thirty shillings an acre off that ? And I am subject to have my pig, or the bed from under me, canted by one, two, three, four—och ! I do not know how many landlords. And now I am going to Nedeen, to get some physic from the poticary ; for the dry potatoes, master, agree but poorly with my stomach in the spring of the year. Och ! then, it's I that wishes that the great College that does be making men so larned and so wise, would send down some of these larned people here, just to be after making their own poor tenants a little happier and a little asier."

The Editor cannot conclude without expressing his thanks to Mr. How of Fleet street, the Publisher of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland, for the embellishments which have been introduced to illustrate the notes.

T. C. C.

*Rosamond's Bower, Fulham,
27th April, 1843.*

A
P A S T O R A L
IN
I M I T A T I O N
OF THE
Firft Eclogue
OF
V I R G I L :

Inferib'd to the
Provost, Fellows, and Scholars, of Trinity College,
D U B L I N ;

By Murroghoh O Connor of Aughanagraun,

D U B L I N :
Printed by *James Carfon*, in *Coghill's Court*, in *Dames-*
street, opposite to the *Castle-Market*, 1719.



A

PASTORAL

In Imitation of the First

Eclogue of *VIRGIL*, &c.



Murroghoh OConner and Owen Sullivan.

THE ARGUMENT.

Murroghoh Mc Tighe. Mc. Mahoon Leagh, Mc Murroghoh O'Connor, of Aughanagraun in the *Barony* of Iraghty Connor, and *County* of Kerry, was among other College Tenants turned out of his Farm of Ballyline, but being recommended to the College by several Gentlemen of that Country is Restored in this ECLOGUE; therefore he own's his Obligations to the College, and the Happiness of his Condition.

Owen Sullivan of Rincarah, near the Island of Valentia, in the *Barony* of Ivrahagh (another College Under-Tenant) meeting with some Misfortunes and not having represented his Case to the College, looses his Farm, which is given to a Captain of that Country.

OWEN.

My Old Acquaintance, and my dearest Friend,
My *Murroghoh*! what Joys on you attend!
Ten thousand Blessings seem at once to shine
Upon your Farm and House of *Ballyline*,

Since you're *Restor'd* to *Native Land* and Ease,
 The World's your own, and Use it as you please :
 Now tell the *Glories* of your noble Name,
 How Prince *O'Connor* from *Hispania* came,
 Sprung from *Milesian Race*, of great Renown,
 By right of *Conquest* made this *Isle* his own,
 Landing at *Shannons* Mouth, the noble Flood
 Enrich'd *Ierne* with his *Royal Blood* ;
 For from his *Loins*, as from her flowing *Springs*,
 Our *Irish* Veins are fill'd with *Blood of Kings*.
 But I alas, can no such Honours boast,
 Since sweet *Rhincarah*—dear *Ivr'ah* is lost :
 My Blood runs low, I'm poor and in Disgrace,
 And dare not own I'm of *Milesian Race*.
 You *top the World*, as great a Monarch are,
 As *Connor Sligo*, *Connor Faly* were,
 And at your Ease beneath *Arbutus* laid,
 Leaning against the mossy Tree your Head,
 With *Harp*, and *Voice*, the *College* Praises sing,
 Till Woods and Rocks, the *College* Praises ring.

MURROGHOH.

'Tis true to sing her *Praises* is my Choice,
 She shall for ever have my *Harp and Voice* :
 To her I owe the Happiness you see,
 'Twas she restor'd my *Farm* and *Liberty*.

For which full *Mathers* to her Health we'll drink
 And to the bottom *Stranded Hogsheds* sink,
 Good *Stranded Claret*, Wreck'd upon our Shore ;
 And when that's out we'll go in search for more.
 Whole Nights we'll spend, to break of Day sit up,
 Then *Deogh a Dorus* for the parting Cup.

OWEN.

My dearest *Murrogh*, I am glad to find,
 So much Content and Pleasure in your Mind :
 But I poor *Owen*, Grieve lament and moan,
 You see I'm *Packing up*, and must be gone.
 My bended Shoulders with my Burthen bow,
 And I can hardly drive this *limping Cow*.
 Not long ago, which gave me Cause to Fret,
 A *Sea Hog* at the * *Scallops* broke my Net.
 The *Sea* did not up to *Rhincarah* flow,
 † *Mangerton's* top was *Black*, and wanted *Snow*.
 With mournful song lamented, the § *Bantee*.
 Foretold the Ruin of my House and me.
 When all these *Omens* met at once, I knew
 What sad Misfortunes must of Course ensue.
 Rut tell me *Murrogh*, what the *College* is,
 There's nothing more I long to know than *This*.

* A Rocky Island near *Rincarah*.

† The highest Mountain in *Kerry*, near *Rincarah*, which all the Year round is remarkable to have Snow on it.

§ A spirit which, according to *Irish Superstition*, appears and bewails any Signal Calamity, either with Respect to Life or Fortune of any Ancient remarkable Families.

MURROGHOH.

Owen I was so foolish once I own,
 To think it like *Little School* in Town,
 Or like the *School* that's in *Tralee*, you Know
 Where we to *Sizes* and to *Sessions* goe,
 And when *Arrested*, stand each others *Bail*,
 And spend a *Cow* or two in *Law* and *Ale*.
 I might compare ⁽¹⁾*Drumcon* to ⁽²⁾*Knockanore*,
⁽³⁾*Curragh* of *Ballyline* to ⁽⁴⁾*Linamore*
 With much more Reason—But my Dearest Friend,
 The *College* does our *Schools* so far transcend,
 Or all the *Schools* that ever yet I saw,
 As ⁽⁵⁾*Karny's* Cabbin is below ⁽⁶⁾*Lixna*.

OWEN.

But what good Fortune led you to that Place?

MURROGHOH.

To tell my *Suff'rings*, and Explaine my *Case*,
 To be restor'd, to find a just Redress
From those who glory to relieve Distress.
 Tis true I lost my *Land-Lords Favour* by't

(1) A rising near *Murrogh's* Farm.

(2) A very high Mountain upon the *College* Estate.

(3) A small Shrub on *Murrogh's* Farm.

(4) The great *College* Wood.

(5) A Cotter in *Murrogh's* Farm.

(6) Lord *Kerry's* House.

But then, *Dear Owen*, I regain'd my Right ;
 All my *Renewal Fines* with him were vain,
 Nor *Pray'rs* nor *Money* cou'd my *Farm* obtain ;
 What Cou'd I do, but to the *College* run,
 And well I did, or I shou'd be undone.
 There did I see a venerable Board,
Provost and *Fellows*, Men that kept their Word,
Sincere and *Just*, *Honest*, and *Fair*, and *True*,
 Their only Rule is to *give all their Due*.
 No *Bribes* or *Interest* can Corrupt their Minds,
Unbiass'd Laws the *Rich* and *Poor Man* finds ;
 Alike to all, their Charity Extends,
 Ev'n I a *Stranger* found them all my *Friends* ;
 Such were the *Saints* that once possess'd this Isle,
 And drew down Blessings on our happy *Soil*.
 They soon (for Justice here knows no Delay)
 Gave this short Answer. *Murrogh go your way,*
Return, improve your Farm, as heretofore,
Be gone, you shall not be Molested more.

OWEN.

Happy *Milesian*, happiest of Men !
 Then *Ballyline* is now your own *Again*.
 'Tis Large enough, tho' not* a whole *Plow-land*,
 And has a lovely Prospect to the *Strand*.

* A *Kerry* Denomination of Land.

Tho' *Bogs* and *Rocks* deform that Spot of Earth,
 Consider *Murrogh* that it gave thee Birth,
 Those *Bogs* and *Rocks* your *Cows* and *Sheep* surround,
 Keep them from *Trespass Pledge*, and *Starving Pound*.
 Thrice happy you, who living at your Ease,
 Have nought to do but see your Cattle Graze,
 Speak **Latin* to the Stranger passing by,
 And on a *Shambrog Bank* reclining lye;
 Or on the *Grassy Sod* Cut *Points* to play
Backgamon; and Delude the †*Livelong Day*.
 When Night comes on to pleasing Rest you go,
 Lull'd by the soft ‡*Cronaan*, or Sweet ^(a) *Speck show*
 When *Kircher'd Sheelah* strains her warbling throat,
 In tuneful *Hum*, and *Sleeps* upon the Note.

MURROGHOH.

Dingle and ^(b) *Derry* sooner shall unite,
Shanon and *Cashan* both be drain'd out right,
 And *Kerry* Men forsake their ^(c) *Cards* and *Dice*,
Dogs be pursu'd by *Hares*, and *Cats* by *Mice*,
Water begin to burn, and *Fire* to wet,
 Before I shall my *College* Friends forget.

* 'Tis natural for the Cow Boys in the County of *Kerry* to speak *Latin*.

† They are such Gamsters in the County of *Kerry*, that they Cut *Points* in the *Sods*, by way of *Tables*, and [use?] *Potato's* and *Turnips* for men.

‡ Humming of a Tune.

(a) An *Irish* Ground.

(b) The Two remotest Parts of *Ireland*.

(c) So fond of *Cards*, that they never go without them.

OWEN.

But I must quit my Dear *Ivragh* and roam
 The World about, to find another Home ;
 To *Paris** go with *Satchel* cram'd with Books,
 With empty Pockets and with hungry Looks ;
 Or else to *Dublin* to *Tim* † *Sullivan*
 To be a Drawer or a waiting Man ;
 Or else perhaps some favourable Chance
 By *Box* and *Dice* my Fortune may advance,
 At the *Groom Porters* cou'd I find a Friend,
 That wou'd poor *Owen* kindly recommend.
 There I cou'd nicely serve, and teach young Men
 The Art to *Cog*, and win their *Coin* again.
 But shall this Forreign Captain force from me,
 My House and *Land*, my *Weirs*, and *Fishery* ?
 Was it for him I those Improvements made !
 Must his *Long Sword* turn out my *Lab'ring Spade* ?
 Adieu my Dear abode—
 I shall no more with *Brogue* § *Boan Scribiogh* climb
 Steep ^(a) *Mulloghbert*, enthron'd on top sublime,

* 'Tis a *Kerry* shift, to go to *Paris*, when Reduc'd.

† A *Kerry* Man who keeps the *London Tavern*, very kind and Generous to his Country Men.

§ A *Brogue* with a *Scollop'd Heel*, which none but Gentlemen are allow'd to wear.

(a) The *Hill of Reference*, where the Head of the *Clan* sitting every Sunday and Holy-Day on two stones desides all Controversies.

Head of my Clan, determine ev'ry Case,
 To make my *Vassals* Live at home in Peace,
 To teach them *Justice* a much cheaper Way,
 Keep them from *Lawyers Fees*, and *Court's Delay*,
 Nor shall [I] see you *Curagh* Can a Wee*,
 Full often have I made a song for thee,
 Least some Disaster should attend my Life,
 My tender Children, or my Loving Wife.
 Nor the †*Knockdrum* where our Forefathers set,
 Upon thy *Lofty Top* th' *Insidious Net*,
 To catch *Desmonian wild*, a sight more rare
 To *British Eyes*, than *Scandinavian Bear*.
Valentia too I bid farewell to thee,
 Title to best of Men great *Anglesey*.
Desmond tho' last, not least belov'd farewell,
 By whose great Lord whole Troops of *Brittains* fell,
 Thy Glories shall in distant Lands be known,
 And all the World superior *Desmond* own.

MURROGHOH.

But stay Dear *Owen cosher* here this Night,
 Behold the *Rooks* have now begun their Flight,

* There is an old Tradition amongst them, that if Travellers do not make a Rhime in praise of this Mountain, some Misfortune will befall them or some one belonging to them.

† A Hill in that Country.

And to their *Nests* in Winged Troops repair,
They fly in hast, and shew that Night is near.
The *Sheep* and *Lambkins* all around us bleat,
The *Sun's* just down, to Travel is too late.
Slacaan and *Scollops* shall adorn my board,
Fit Entertainment for a *Kerry* Lord,
In *Egg Shells* then we'll take our parting Cup,
Lye down on *Rushes*, with the *Sun get up*.

F I N I S.



REMARKS

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

P. 3,—THE ARGUMENT.] Whether the names of the speakers and the localities mentioned are all strictly correct or imaginary, the Editor cannot state, but if imaginary, the semblance of truth has been most carefully preserved.

Murroghoh O'Connor, the accepted tenant of the Provost and Fellows is said to be of Aughanagraun, or the ground which can grow corn or grain.

“On the first arrival of the English into these parts,” says Smith, in his *History of Kerry*, p. 27, “they found the O'Connors possessed of the northern tract of this county, from which family that part still retains the name of Iraghticonnor,”—this literally means the ploughed ground belonging to the house of Connor. The name of Murroghoh, a common one in all the clans upon the South West Coast of Ireland, such as the O'Sullivan, O'Briens, &c. is the Irish for a sailor or mariner,—see *Muireach* in O'Brien's *Irish Dictionary*.

Owen Sullivan, the other speaker, is said to be of Rincarah,

that is, of the rocky promontory, a locality laid down in Smith's map of Kerry as "Rineaharagh," on the main land, opposite to Cromwell's Fort on Valentia Island. "The Southern parts, [on the first arrival of the English in Kerry,] were occupied," says Smith, "by the O'Sullivan's, the barony of Dunkerron being then called O'Sullivan's country, of which he had the title of Prince given him by the Irish. They had also large possessions in Iveragh." The latter name, like most local names, is highly descriptive; meaning the territory of example or warning, from the numerous shipwrecks that have occurred on this rocky coast."

P. 4, l. 4,—"*from Hispania came.*"] See Moore's History of Ireland, Vol. i. p. 77.

P. 4, l. 10,—"*Blood of Kings.*"] See *Concúbhar* in O'Brien's Irish Dictionary.

P. 4, l. 16,—"*Connor Sligo, Connor Faly.*"] The two principal families of the name were thus distinguished. The opposition given by O'Connor Kerry to English power in Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth, is recorded in the *Pacata Hibernia*.

P. 4, l. 17,—"*beneath Arbutus laid,*"] i. e. "Arbutus Unedo."

"The Arbutus," says Derrick, in a letter addressed to Lord Southwell from Killarney, dated 6th October, 1760, "flourishes all the year, bearing, at one and the same time, leaves, blossoms, berries, and fruit in different stages of maturity. The leaves are of a very beautiful green, with a red stalk; the blossom resembles the lily of the valley; the berries are first green, then yellow, acquiring at length a colour like the finest scarlet strawberry: it is called by gardeners the strawberry tree." Although the Arbutus is well known in the gardens of England as a shrub, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall state, that "*in Dinis Island there is one, the stem of which is seven feet in circum-*

ference, and its height is in proportion, being equal to that of an ash tree of the same girth which stands near it ; and on Rough Island, opposite O'Sullivan's cascade, there is another, the circumference of which is nine feet and a half. Alone, its character is not [Quere, not?] picturesque ; the branches are bare, long, gnarled, and crooked, presenting in its wild state a remarkable contrast to its trim, formal, and bush-like figure in our cultivated gardens.

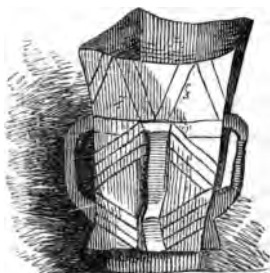


“It is said that, although now found universally in Ireland, and more especially in the counties of Cork and Kerry, it (the *Arbutus*) is not a native of the soil, but was introduced into the country by Spanish monks.” A note however in Hall's *Ireland*, Vol. i. p. 181, states, that upon this point botanists are divided in opinion ; and the opinions of two of the most eminent in Ireland are there given.

P. 4, lines 19, 22,—*Harp and voice.*] Upon this famous instrument, the Irish harp, at the period when these lines were written, almost every one played; the term “every one” is to be understood in the same sense as applied to the Piano-forte at present. Few specimens of the Irish harp remain. The Editor believes the only one in England to be in his possession. It was made for the Rev. Charles Bunworth in 1734, by John Kelly, who also appears to have been the maker of a harp in 1726, engraved in Walker’s “Memoirs of the Irish bards;” but Mr. Bunworth’s harp is probably more accurately delineated, as copied from a sketch by Mr. MacClise.



P. 5, l. 1,—“*full Mathers to her health we'll drink.*”] The Mather, a compound of two Irish words, *Maide* (wood), and *er* (noble), was applied to an ancient drinking vessel, generally made of the wood of the crab tree. The annexed sketch was made by the Editor from a Mather in his possession, presented to him by the late Mr. Samuel McSkimin, of Carrickfergus.



Generally speaking the Mather was round at bottom, and quadrangular at top, with a handle on each of its four sides. It varied from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height, and from $10\frac{1}{2}$ to 18 inches in circumference, and held from three pints to upwards of two quarts. Figures of the two Irish Mathers from which this description is collected, are given in the Dublin Penny Journal, vol. i. No. 38, p. 300; and vol. ii. No. 84, p. 249. On the latter the name and date of DERMOT TULLY, 1590, are engraved.

To drink out of the Mather, it was necessary to apply one of the four corners, and not the side, to the mouth. The following anecdote is told respecting this national mode of drinking: “When Lord Townshend left the vice-royalty of Ireland, he had two massive silver mathers made in London, where they were regularly introduced at his dinner parties; and guests most usually applied the side of the vessel to the mouth, and seldom

escaped with a dry neck-cloth, vest, or doublet. Lord Townshend, however, after enjoying the mistake, usually called on his friend the late Colonel O'Reilly (afterwards Sir Hugh Nugent by the King's sign manual), to teach the drill, and handle the Mather in true Irish style."

In Dean Swift's translation of O'Rourke's feast, we find

" Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a *madder** our cup."

Laurence Whyte, from whose poem of "The Parting Cup" an extensive extract is made in a subsequent note, thus closes Canto II :

" The harper at each interval
Had dram or *madder* at his call,
Together with his horn of snuff,
Of each we saw he took enough,
And when he could no longer play,
Speakshoyech ushered in the day."

In the Irish Hudibras, 1689, a fleet of small boats or coracles, are said to be—

" Like Meddars formed of the whole piece ;
Meddar, which is a pretty black,
A deep, round, four-square wooden Jack ;
An ill-shaped trunk of carved tree,
An uniform deformity."

P. 5, l. 2,—"*Stranded Hogsheds*," l. 3,—"*Stranded Claret*."] "The 'Lady Nelson port' is still famous in Kerry, and a glass of it is sometimes offered as a *bonne bouche*."—*Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland*. Vol. i, p. 308.

* Wooden vessel.

Mr. Weld in his Account of Killarney, mentions visiting Lough Ine, where he was regaled with some delicious oysters; a boy appeared carrying a basket after a gentleman, by whose boat the oysters had been taken; and "copious libations were poured from bottles which had evidently been filled in France, and the wine proved to be nothing less than Burgundy of a most delicious flavour."

In a note which Mr. Weld thought it necessary to attach in a second edition to this passage, in consequence of some observations, made by the Rev. Horace Townsend, calculated to throw discredit upon this statement, he asks with much *naïveté*: "Are there no shipwrecks on this rocky and dangerous coast?"

P. 5, l. 6,—"*Then Deogh a Dorus for the parting cup !*"] *Doch-an-dorrach* (a Gaelic term), is explained in the glossary to the Waverly Novels, as "stirrup-cup; parting cup." It is literally, "the drink at the door," respecting the legal immunities attached to which, see Sir Walter Scott's note to the Chapter XI of Waverly.

Laurence Whyte, "a Lover of the Muses and Mathematics" as he styles himself on the title page of "Original Poems on various Subjects" [2nd Ed. Dublin, 1742], has entitled one of his productions "The Parting Cup; or, the Humours of Deoch an Doruis, alias Theodorus, alias Doctor Dorus, an old Irish gentleman famous (about 30 years ago), for his great hospitality, but more particularly in Christmas-time—"

"When folks have little else to do
But try what ale their neighbours brew,
To drink all night, and sing in chorus
And when they part drink *Deochadorus*."

But it so happens that Whyte's poem, besides illustrating

the common use of the phrase, has preserved a faithful picture of the state of Irish society at the period to which the Kerry Pastoral belongs :—

“ Lest any should mistake the time,
By this our prelude put in rhyme,
We shall explain it if you please,
It was in Christmas holidays,
About the thirtieth of December,
As near as I can well remember ;
The moon was just a quarter old,
The wind at north, the weather cold ;
In Anna's long victorious reign,
Who triumphed over France and Spain.
When Marlborough's fame thro' Europe ran,
Who fought the battles of Queen Ann ;
Then did the name of *Deochadorus*
Become so numerous and glorious,
As well Strongbonians as Milesians
Kept open house on all occasions,
That scarce a parish or a town
Throughout the kingdom but had one.
Then Cromwell's tribes of later date,
Laid by their civil jars and heat,
Became more generous and free,
Drank *Deochadorus* neighbourly,
And tho' they could not mouth him well,
They into all his humours fell ;
For all who breathe the Irish air
Must in its happy influence share ;
It gives them such a turn of mind
As makes them candid, free, and kind.”

This lively sketch however is followed by a melancholy portrait:

“ We can't forget young A——r's frakes,
His drinking bouts with jolly rakes—
How many he has killed with drinking,
How many more sent home a blinking?

In stealing homewards, groap'd their way
 At midnight, or at break of day ;
 How many he has sent home reeling
 Blind drunk, without the sense of feeling ?
 'Twas *Deochadorus* night and day,
 Untill he drank himself away."

And White honestly concludes with—

"Such is the practice of our isle,
 Where scarce one tribe of *Deochadorus*
 But stand in misery before us."

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who, in their recent work on Ireland, have recorded the change which has taken place in the popular habits of the Irish people, state that;—"If a guest were able to mount his horse without assistance in the 'good old times,' he was presented with a *deoch an dorras* glass, which he was forced, seldom against his will, to 'drink at the door.' This glass usually held a quart; it was terminated by a globe, which of itself contained a 'drop,' sufficient to complete the business of the night." [vol. i. p. 33.]

And the print by which the *deoch an dorras* glass is illustrated in their work was from a sketch which the Editor made in 1829 of one in the possession of two old ladies named Baylee, who resided in the Desmonian stronghold of Lough Gur, in the County of Limerick.



"The door cup" however was not always of glass; in the Irish *Hudibras*, we find Nees (the hero)

"Swearing he could not part, not for his
 Own leef, till he got *Dough a Dorris*."

With that the porter brought them out
 A meddar stopt with a clean clout;
 Which, tho' 'twas reckoned but a small one,
 Contained three halves of a whole gallon."

P. 5, l. 14,—"*A Sea Hog at the Scallogs broke my net.*" For "Sea Hog," the reading should be *Sea Dog*, and for "Scallogs," *Skeligs*. Smith in his History of Kerry, mentions that Salmon in the Kenmare river are "much destroyed by seals and sea dogs, which are so numerous there, that in summer all the rocks on the shore are in a manner covered with them." And Doctor Smith adds, "some people have proposed a method of taking them in strong nets, made of thick cordage on purpose, which scheme has not been tried because of its expense." The rocks called the Skeligs, are about nine miles from the mouth of the Kenmare river. Upon the larger one a lighthouse was built, in 1826. Lady Chatterton has preserved, in her "Rambles in the South of Ireland," Vol. i. chapter 13, an account of the Skeligs, by Mr. Maurice O'Connell, and also of a visit made by the Editor to the greater Skelig, 26th April, 1825.

P. 5, l. 15,—"*The Sea did not up to Rhincarah flow.*" This means the Atlantic had receded from the South Western shore of Ireland.

P. 5, l. 16,—"*Mangerton's top was black and wanted snow.*" Mangerton "was for many years considered the highest [mountain] in Ireland, and set down in the old maps and surveys as being 2,470 feet in height." "It is now ascertained by the measurement of Mr. Nimmo, that the height of Mangerton is 2,550 feet, while that of Carrán Tûal, [not far distant] is 3,410.—*Wright's Guide to Killarney.*

P. 5, l. 17,—"*The Bantee.*" Sir Walter Scott in his

letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, speaking "of some leading superstitions, once perhaps common to all the countries of Europe, but now restricted to those which continue to be inhabited by an undisturbed and native race; of these," continues Sir Walter Scott, "one of the most beautiful is the Irish fiction, which assigns to certain families of ancient descent and distinguished rank the privilege of a Banshee, as she is called, or household fairy, whose office is to appear seemingly mourning while she announces the approaching death of some one of the destined race."

The following verses descriptive of Banshee superstition, are translated by the Editor from a Caoine (*Keen*), upon the death of a Knight of Kerry, who was killed in Flanders about the year 1642.

" I had heard lamentations
And sad warning cries
From the Banshees of many
Broad districts arise ;
I besought thee, O Christ,
To protect me from pain ;
I prayed, but my prayers
They were offered in vain.

" Aina from her closely
Hid nest did awake
The woman of wailing
At Gur's voicy lake ;
From Glen Fogra of words
Came a mournful whine,
And all Kerry's hags
Wept the lost Geraldine.

" The Banshees of Youghall
And of stately Mogeely
Were joined in their grief
By wide Immokilly.
Carah Mona in gloom
Of deep sorrow appears,

And all Kinalmeaky 's
Absorbed into tears.*

" The prosperous Saxons
Were seized with affright,
In Tralee they packed up
And made ready for flight.
For there a shrill voice
At the door of each hall
Was heard, and they fancied
Foretelling their fall.

" At Dingle, the merchants
In terror forsook
Their ships and their business,
They trembled and shook.
Some fled to concealment—
The fools thus to fly !
For no trader a Banshee
Will utter a cry.†

" The Banshee of Dunqueen
In sweet song did deplore
To the spirit that watches
On dark Dun-an-oir ;
And Ennimore's maid
By the Feal's gloomy wave
Did mourn, with clear voice,
The death of the brave.

" On stormy Slieve Mis
Spreads the cry far and wide ;
From Slieve Finnalaun
The wild eagle replied ;
'Mong the reeks, like the
Thunder-peal's echoing rout,
It burst, and deep bellows
Bright Brandon gives out."

* Literally, " Kinalmeaky is drained from crying." Kinalmeaky is a district of bog in the county of Cork.

† This is the verse quoted by Dr. O'Brien in his Irish Dictionary, to shew that the Banshee is solely an aristocratic appendage.

P. 6, ll. 3, 4,—“*Tralee you know, Where we to Sizes and to Sessions goe.*”] “Tralee is the shire-town of the county of Kerry, ever since the attainder of Gerald Earl of Desmond; and was during the existence of that earl’s palatinate the place where he chiefly resided and exercised his jurisdiction.”—*Seward’s Hibernian Gazetteer*.

P. 6, l. 5,—“*And when Arrested stand each others Bail.*”] “A Kerry witness” is a proverbial expression for a person who will swear any thing in a court of justice.

P. 6, l. 8, “*Curragh of Ballyline.*”] *Curragh* which is explained in the foot note as “a small shrub,” is probably a misprint for “a small bog.” The glossary to the Irish Hudibras renders *Currogh* “heath;” but *Currach* is explained in O’Brien’s Irish Dictionary, as “a bog, or fen.”—*Moin*, he adds, “is drier ground than what they call *currach*.” And hence the Editor may observe comes *Moineen*, a little springy piece of turf to dance upon. The Air of Moore’s “Minstrel Boy,” though published as “*The Moreen*” ought to have been *Moneen*. But any word the meaning of which is not understood gets sadly mangled—

“At *coushers* [gossiping] wakes; could play *Mageen* [Margery]
Whip off *Dunboyn*, and dance a *MYNEEN*.”—

The Irish Hudibras, 1689, p. 27.

P. 6, l. 12,—“*Lixna.*”] *Lixnaw*, an ancient seat of the Earls of Kerry, is described by Smith, in 1774, about which time it was suffered to fall into ruin, as “standing agreeably on the river Brick, which is here cut into several pleasant canals that adorn its plantations and gardens. The improvements are very extensive, most of the vistaes and avenues terminating by different buildings, seats, and farm-houses. The tide flows up to the gardens, whereby boats of considera-

ble burden may bring up goods to the bridge near the house; here are two stone bridges over the Brick, the oldest of which was built by Nicholas, the third baron of Lixnaw, who was the first person that made causeways to this place, the land being naturally wet and marshy.

"The present house," continues Smith, "consists of a large building with wings on each side, and several offices that inclose an handsome area: in one of these wings is a chapel the walls of which are painted in fresco by a foreigner called John Souillard, being copies of the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, at Hampton Court, particularly the lame man healed by Peter and John, Elymas the sorcerer, Paul preaching at Athens, &c. The figures are as large as life; and over the door, between festoons and other decorations, are the heads of Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Pope, all in *claro obscuro* by the same hand."

P. 7, l. 7,—"*Provost and Fellows.*"] Doctor Baldwin was Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, from 1717 to the time of his death, 30th September, 1758. Doctor Claudius Gilbert was Vice-Provost from 1716 to 1735, and the donor of 13,000 volumes to the College Library. Among the Fellows of Trinity College, at the time that this Kerry Pastoral was written (1719), were,—the philosophic Berkeley, advanced to the deanery of Derry 1724, Bishopric of Cloyne 1733, Delany, afterwards Dean of Down; Bindon, afterwards Dean of Limerick; Madden, afterwards Dean of Kilmore; Synge, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert 1730, Ferns 1733, and Elphin 1740; Clayton, afterwards Bishop of Killala 1729, Cork and Ross 1733, Clogher 1745; and Stopford, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

———"Men that kept their word.

Sincere, and just, honest, and fair, and true."

P. 7, l. 22,—“*Tis large enough though not a whole Plow-land.*”] In Kerry “the land is held not by the acre; for in these mountains, such minute divisions are of little importance; but, according to the language of the country, *by the lump*; that is, by large tracts; and, after agreement has been made with the landlord for their respective shares, it is usual for many different families to form a partnership and make a joint concern of their several farms. Where pasturage alone is followed, great benefit accrues to the little community from this practice. It saves labour and expense of multiplied superintendence; it excites attention to the general interest, and prevents disputes that would otherwise arise concerning boundaries, where the benefit to be derived from their existence is not adequate to the cost of their erection. Each man to the computed extent of his land is permitted to maintain a certain number of cattle; and in many instances, where the parties have confidence in each other, they have a joint stock, both of their kine and their produce.”—*Weld's Killarney*.

P. 7, l. 23,—“*a lovely prospect to the Strand.*”] The “Stranded Hogsheads” and “Stranded claret” mentioned in p. 5, lines 2 and 3, explain the loveliness of the prospect.

P. 8, l. 7,—“*Speak Latin to the stranger passing by.*”] Sir Richard Cox, writing about the time the Kerry Pastoral appeared, says, “very few of the Irish aim at any more than a *little Latin, which every cow-boy pretends to*, and a smattering of logic, which very few of them know the use of.”

“It is asserted, that Latin has been very generally studied in Kerry, even by the lowest ranks of the people; and I have heard more than one gentleman bear testimony to the circumstance of the bare-footed boys having been found reading classical authors in the fields. It is related of one of these

poor fellows, that upon an expostulation having been made with him on such an unprofitable use of his time, he replied, with much spirit :—

“ Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.”

“ Classical reading,” says Dr. Smith, in his History of Kerry, “ extends itself even to a fault amongst the lower and poorer kinds of this country ; many of whom, to the taking them off more useful work, have greater knowledge in this way than some of the better sort of other places.” Similar testimony is borne by other writers : “ In alighting to take a view of the ancient family seat at Pallice, I gave the bridle of my horse to a poor boy, who seemed to look for it with eagerness. From his manner of answering some questions I asked him, I was led to enquire into his situation ; and was not a little surprised to find that though sunk in the most abject poverty, he was nevertheless a good classical scholar. He was well acquainted with the best Latin poets ; had read over most of the historians ; and was then busy with the Oration of Cicero. I found upon further enquiry, that this classical spirit is very general among the lower sort of people in Kerry.”—*Description of Killarney. Anonymous.*

Mr. Weld is of opinion that these accounts are “ either very much exaggerated, or the taste for classical learning is less prevalent than formerly”—for during his visits to Kerry, between the years 1800 and 1811, he “ was unable to procure an interview with one of these learned peasants.” He however says : “ A gentleman of my acquaintance indeed, who was with me at Killarney, once happened to be present when a poor boy came into the inn yard, and asked for alms in good Latin ; and he observed that several of the town’s-folk who were bystanders, replied to him in that language, and for some minutes continued the conversation in that language with apparent facility.”

P. 8, l. 8,—“*A Shambrog Bank*”.] It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Shamrock is the National emblem of Ireland. Keogh, Threlkeld, and other Irish botanists, assert that the *Scamer oge* or *Shamrog*, is the *trifolium repens*; this however has been disputed.

“Other countries” says the late Cæsar Otway, in the Dublin Penny Journal, “may boast of their trefoil as well as we; but nowhere on the broad earth, on continent, or in isle, is there such an abundance of this succulent material for making fat mutton. In winter as well as in summer, it is found to spread its green carpet over our limestone hills, drawing its verdure from the mists that sweep from the Atlantic. The seed of it is everywhere. Cast lime or limestone gravel on the top of a mountain, or on the centre of a bog, and up starts the shamrock.”

P. 8, ll. 9, 10.—“*On the grassy sod, cut points to play Backgammon* ;”] “In some parts [of Kerry] they have a singular and primitive mode of playing at backgammon in the fields. The turf is cut out, so as to make a board of large size; flat stones are used for men; and to perform the business of dice, a person sits with his back to the players and calls out whatever cast he pleases; upon this principle the play is conducted.” — *Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland*, vol. i. p. 256.

P. 8, l. 12,—“*Lull'd by the soft Cronaan*.”] Cronaan is explained in the glossary to the Irish Hudibras as a song.—

“But sing dyself the sweet *Cro-na-an*.”

At an Irish wake.

———“some laugh, some weep;
Some sing *Cronans*, and some do sleep.”

are the passages upon which this explanation is offered. The

true meaning of the word is a monotonous melody, corresponding with what we should now call recitative.

“CRONAN, the base in music. *Crónán Iachdarchanus*, Cantus-bassus.”

“CRONAN, any dull note, also the buzzing of a fly or other insect.”—*O'Brien*.

In “a dissertation on Italian and Irish Music,” by Laurence Whyte, [1742], speaking of the manner in which the former has superseded the latter, he says that Irish Music

———“flies to Munster for the air,
To clear her pipes and warble there.
Poor *Cronaan*, being turn'd out of play,
With *Rinke Mueenagh* flew away,
To the remotest parts of Kerry,
In hopes to make the vulgar merry,
But scarce one cabin in their flight
Would give them lodging for the night;
So taken up with foreign jingle,
Tralee despised them; likewise Dingle.”

P. 8, l. 12,—“*Sweet Speck show.*”] This melody is commonly known as “the humours of Joyce’s country,” and its musical notation is preserved in Walker’s memoirs of the Irish bards. “Several districts of this kingdom,” says Walker, “have certain appellations for airs which originated in them, as *Speic Seoach*, the *Speic* or humours of Joyce’s country,” which he adds was “pricked from the voice by the Rev. Dr. Young, while on a visit last winter, 1785, in the county of Roscommon.” *Speice* according to O’Brien is a prop or support, and *Seoach* is the Irish mode of writing Joyce; the literal meaning therefore is “the leader of the Joyces,” a gigantic race inhabiting the wild district of Connamara, in the county of Galway, respecting whom and which, see “A Tour round Ireland, by John Barrow, Esq. in 1835.”

In a letter addressed to Mr. Walker, 1788, giving an

account of the inhabitants of the Rosses, islands on the coast of Donegal, the writer says—"Their songs, called *Speice Seoachs*, were recitals of exploits achieved by the giants and warriors and hunters of old." That is to say, the deeds of Joyces. *Speice* is probably from the Latin *spes*.

P. 8, l. 13,—"*Kircher'd Sheelah*."] The Irish Kercher or Cailleach as it was sometimes called, from being worn by old women, was a large handkerchief tied under the chin; the other ends at the back of the head, falling loosely upon the shoulders. Mr. Beaufort has stated to Mr. Walker, ("Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish,") that the simple head dress of the Cailleach "was worn by both sexes, but usually by men, and made of the skin of a beast." The Editor perfectly recollects it as the common costume of the female peasantry of the South of Ireland.

P. 8, l. 16,—"*Shanon and Cashan*."] The Shannon River, "all circumstances considered, is one of the finest in the British dominions; not only on account of its rolling 200 miles, but also of its great depth in most places, and the gentleness of its current."—*Seward's Hibernian Gazetteer*.

Spenser in his "Fairy Queen," Book iv. Canto 11th, calls it—

"The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea."

The Cashin, which is formed by the confluence of three rivers, the Galey, Feal, and Brick, falls into the Shannon not far from its mouth.

P. 8, l. 17,—"*And Kerry men forsake their cards and dice*."] Among the evil persons whom Spenser, in his view of the State of Ireland, recommends getting rid of in that country by "the short riddance of a Marshal,"—are a class

called "Carrows;" "which," he tells us, "is a kind of people that wander up and down to gentlemen's houses, living only upon cards and dice; the which, though they have little or nothing of their own, yet will they play for much money; which if they win, they waste most lightly; and if they lose they pay as slenderly, but make recompence with one stealth or another; whose only hurt is, not that they themselves are idle lossels, but that through gaming they draw others to like leudness and idleness."

P. 9, l. 3,—"*To Paris go with satchel cram'd with books.*"] The Sorbonne was crowded with Irish "wranglers," who, for a gratuity undertook to defend certain theological or metaphysical theses against all impugnants. Boileau talks of the "*figures hibernoises*" of these Irish disputants; and in "Gil Blas," they are commemorated as a striking feature at Salamanca. Goldsmith, in rambling through Italy, often got a dinner and a viaticum by defending propositions in the halls of the convents and universities: (see Prior), and from Duns Scotus, and Columbanus, to the most recent period, Ireland was the great mother of polemical spirits in the Continental schools of Divinity. Pelagius was a Welshman; his Greek name being only a translation of Morgan.

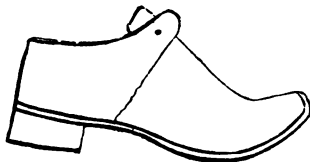
P. 9, l. 18,—"*Brogue Boan Scribiogh.*"] This Irish name, literally means the shoe of true writing that is scalloped or indented like a legal document or "Indenture," which in Irish is called *ban-scribbin*. Laurence Whyte in "A Dissertation on Fashions," [1742] says:

"The shoes reform'd and fashion'd so,
The heel is lower than the toe,
And if I may believe my sire
The *brogue-bunscreeb* was something higher.
The harness buckle of the shoe
In days of yore would make us two;

They are good moveables of late,
To pledge or sell, when made of plate;
When rakes at taverns, or at stewes,
Drink out their buckles, and their shoes."

A note upon *Brogue-bunscreeb*, adds, "A kind of scalloped Brogue, with two lifts more fashionable than ordinary, for gentlemen and the better sort of people to wear, before shoes came in fashion in Ireland."

"The brogue or shoe of the Irish peasantry," is said by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, to differ "in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least, it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is entirely different to that of shoemaking; and the tools used in the work, excepting the hammer, pinchers, and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by both operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend." Much curious information respecting the manufacture of brogues, may be found in the work to which the Editor is indebted for this extract.—(*Hall's Ireland*, Vol. i. pp. 189, 190), where it is stated, that "the brogue makers pride themselves on the antiquity of their trade; and boast over the shoemakers, whom they consider only a spurious graft on their more noble art."



P. 9, l. 19,—“*Steep Mulloghbert.*”] Mulloghbert, which is explained in the note as “the hill of reference,” is literally the hill of judgement. (*Mullach beart*). Spenser in his View of the State of Ireland, says: “There is a great use among the Irish to make great assemblies together upon a Rath or Hill, there to parly (as they say) about matters and wrongs between Township and Township, or one private person and another. But well I wot, and true it hath been oftentimes proved, that in their meetings, many mischiefs have been both practised and wrought; for to them do commonly resort all the scum of the people, where they may meet and confer of what they list, which else they could not do without suspicion or knowledge of others. Besides, at these meetings I have known divers times, that many Englishmen, and good Irish subjects, have been villanously murdered by moving one quarrel or another against them. For the Irish never come to those Rathes but armed, whether on horse, or on foot; which the English, nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advantage like sheep in a pen-fold.

A view of one of those judgement seats, on the hill of Kyle, in the Queen’s County, is given in Dr. Ledwich’s “Antiquities of Ireland.” He says “it was common in Wales to throw up an earthen mount, whereon the judges sat; and this was called a Gorsedde.”

P. 10, ll. 5, 6,—“*Curagh Can a Wee, Full often have I made a song for thee.*”] Dr. Smith (p. 108) describing the parish of Glanbehy, in the barony of Iveragh, says that it is “so named from the river Behy which waters it; the greater part of it is extremely rough. The road from the other parts of Kerry, into this barony, runs over very high and steep hills, that stand in this parish, called *Drung* and *Cahircanawy*; which road hangs, in a tremendous manner, over that part of

the sea that forms the bay of Castlemain, and is not unlike the mountain of Penmenmaure in North Wales, except that the road here is more stony and less secure for the traveller. There is a custom among the country people, to enjoin every one that passes this mountain, to make some verses to its honour, otherwise they affirm, that whoever attempts to pass it without versifying, must meet with some mischance: the original of which notion seems to be, that it will require a person's whole circumspection to preserve himself from falling off his horse. They," continues Doctor Smith, "repeated to me several performances, both in Irish and English, made on this occasion; but this mountain is not, like that of Helicon, consecrated to the Muses, for all the verses that I heard were almost as rugged and uncouth as the road on which they were made,—for which reason I shall not trouble the reader with them; although I had several copies given me for that purpose."

A writer under the *nom de guerre* of Dr. M'Slatt, presumed to be Mr. Windele of Cork, says: "The sound or strait between Clear and Skerkin (in the county of Cork) is called Gascanan, and is singular for a usage which requires that all who cross it for the first time should improvise, at least a couplet; otherwise some mischance may be the consequence. A similar exercise of the little of poetry within us is required on passing the rugged pathway of Cahircanawy, overhanging the dizzy cliffs of Castlemain; and I doubt not but a collection of these effusions would afford a rare picture of the mind of the gentry who frequent these passages of song."

P. 10, ll. 9, 10, 11,—"*Knockdrum, where our forefathers set Upon thy lofty top th' insidious net, To catch Desmonian wild.*" Gerald, the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, and his followers, were literally hunted down by the English. It is the

popular tradition, that some of the wild Irish in Kerry were taken by netting them.

P. 10, l. 14,—“*Great Anglesey.*”] Sir Arthur Annesley, the sixth Viscount Valentia, succeeded to the title on the death of his brother, 18th Sep., 1710. He had been “a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to William and Anne; and, after his succession to the honours, was appointed (11th October), joint Vice Treasurer of Ireland; and, 19th, sworn of the Privy Council in England. In 1711, he was one of the Commissioners for building fifty new churches; and 9th July that year, sworn of the Privy Council in Ireland, taking his seat the same day in the House of Peers. On the death of the Queen, he was one of the Lord Justices of England, to administer affairs until King George I arrived from Hanover; who (1st October 1714) called him into his Privy Council of both kingdoms; and 15th January following, made him joint Vice Treasurer and Treasurer at War. On the death of the Duke of Manchester, he was elected in full senate (16th February 1721) High Steward of the University of Cambridge, where he had his education, and which he had represented in three several parliaments. On the 29th November 1727, he was made Lord Lieutenant and Governor of the County of Wexford, and sworn a Privy Councillor to King George II on his accession to the crown.” —*Lodge’s Peerage.*

Viscount Valentia died 1st April 1737, without issue, and was succeeded in the title by Lord Altham.

P. 10, l. 15,—“*Desmond.*”] “A considerable part of Kerry was formerly a distinct county in itself, called Desmond; it consisted of that part of Kerry which lies south of the Mang, with the barony of Bear and Bantry in the County of Cork; and was a palatinate under the jurisdiction of the Earls of

Desmond. It is true the ancient country of Desmond, or South Munster, extended much farther, as appears by the grant of Henry II to Robert Fitz Stephen and Milo de Cogan. Its limits were from the hill of St. Brandon [in Kerry] to the river Blackwater, near Lismore, and comprehended the County of Cork as well as Kerry."—*Smith's Kerry*.

P 10, l. 19,—“*Cosher here this night.*”] An invitation to bed and board. The Irish word *cosair* signifies both a bed and a banquet. “Coshering” is incorrectly explained in the Irish *Hudibras* as “gossiping;” although the meaning of the word in that work is clearly established by the lines:—

“A very fit and proper house, sir,
For such a worthy guest to *cosher*.”

In the Vocabulary appended to the Irish State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII, published by royal authority, “*cosher*, *cosherer*, *coshy*, *couchery*, or *coyssher*,” are defined,—“an exaction of lodging and victuals for the lord and his retinue.”

P. 11, l. 5,—“*Slacaan.*”] The edible sea weed in England is called laver. The Irish name is compounded of two words signifying “*mud-butter*.”

P. 11, l. 7,—“*Egg shells.*”] No uncommon mode of measuring whiskey, in the absence of a glass, was by an egg shell.

P. 11, l. 8,—“*Lye down on rushes.*”] The French traveller, M. la Boullaye le Gouz, who visited Ireland in 1644, speaking of the residences of the higher classes says,—“Ils ont peu de meubles, et ornent leurs chambres de iong, dont ils font leurs lits en Esté, et de paille en Hyuer, ils mettent vn pied de iong autour de leur chambre et sur leurs fenestres, et plusieurs d'entr'eux ornent leurs planchers de rameaux.” At

the close of the seventeenth century, a cabin is described
the Irish Hudibras,—

“ The floor beneath with rushes laid, stead
Of tapestry ; no bed nor bedstead.”

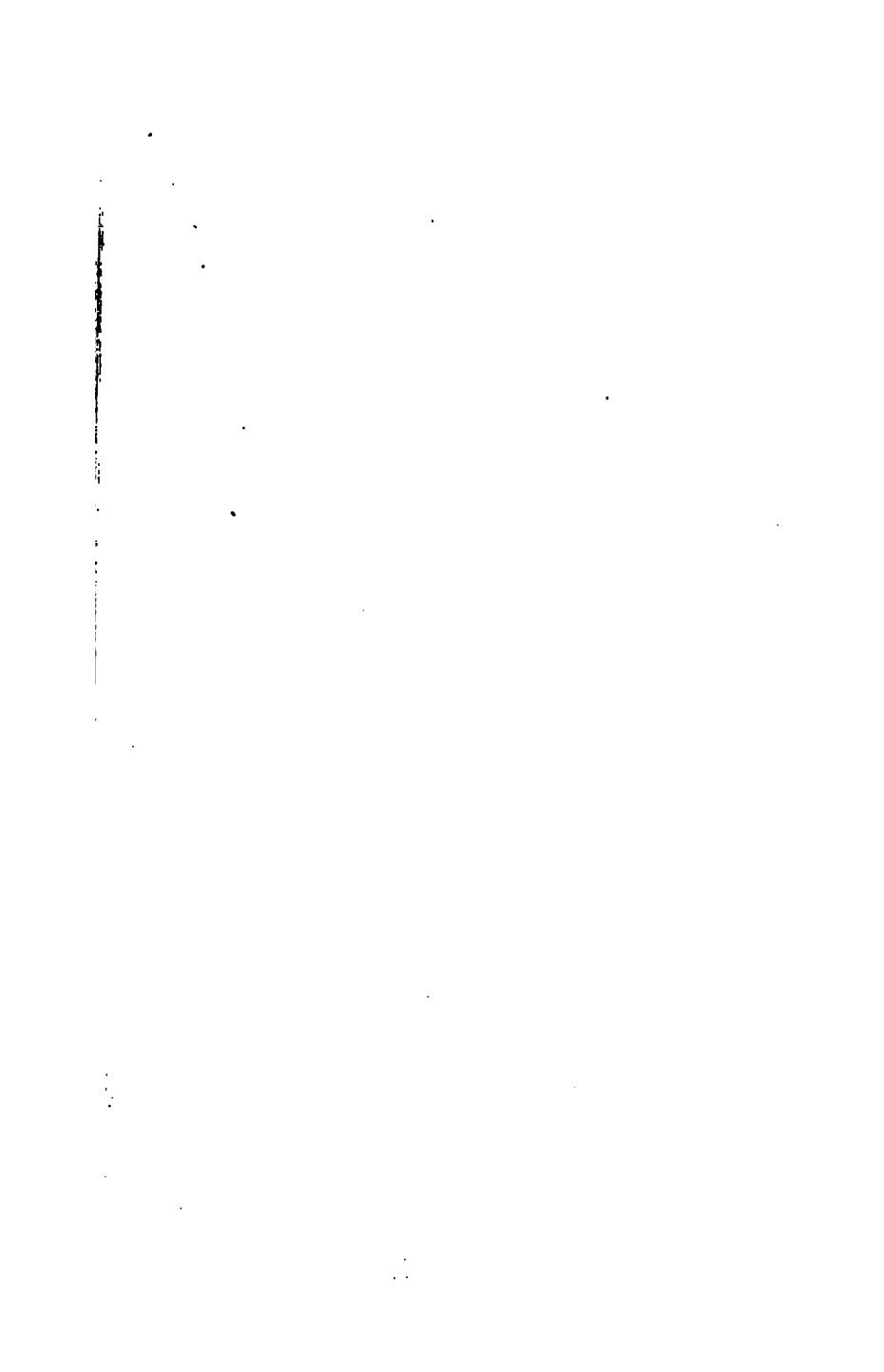
And a feast as furnished—

“ With napkins wove of flags and rushes.”

THE END.



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